

This is the anniversary of the Battle of Fontenoy, in 1745, when the great Marshal Saxe, commanding the French, defeated the Duke of Cumberland after a long and hard fought battle in which the losses were about 15,000 men.

FOR LOVE—ABSORBING ROMANCE

By RUBY M. AYRES

The Fascinating Story of a Fine, Wealthy Girl of Lowly Birth Who Is Sold In Marriage, Without Her Knowledge, to a Blue-Blood.

(Copyright, 1921.)

It was getting dusk when Philip sat alone in his room. Long shadows lay about the house and garden, and a faint, cooling breeze stirred the branches of the tall trees.

He was whistling a snatch of song under his breath, and he felt extraordinarily light-hearted.

He was an engaged man. Tomorrow he was going up to London to buy the finest diamond ring.

"You please, sir," the master would like to speak to you—he is in the library, sir."

Philip woke from his dreaming with a start.

"Oh, all right."

He felt absurdly bashful as he crossed the hall and opened the library door. He wondered what they would say. His father and mother of his, who had both been such sticklers for birth and breeding. Well, they could have no objection to Kitty on that score, at all events—her pedigree was longer than his own, in spite of the fact that her ancestors had been a somewhat shady and imprudent lot. She was a lady to her finger-tips, bless her. What a mistress she would make for the Highway House. His mother would be pleased, he was sure. He shut the door behind him with a little nervous slam.

"Baker said you wanted me," he began, then stopped. His father and mother were both in the room, and his mother . . . not crying, surely?

He took a quick step forward and stood beside her.

"What is it? What has happened?" Mother . . .

But it was his father who answered, his father who spoke in a voice broken by emotion and rough with feeling.

"It's ruination, Phil, that's what it is, my boy."

"Ruination?" The young man stared. "What on earth?" He tried to laugh. "Gu'nor, what are you talking about? Mother—"

"It's the truth, my boy." The old man had walked over to the window now, and stood staring into the garden with eyes that saw more acutely than ever before the beauties of his home with perhaps would soon be his no longer, and suddenly his enforced calm broke and he hung up his clenched hands with a groan.

"After all these years . . . nobody but a Winterick has ever lived at the Highway House. . . . It was that cry you told Philip the deadly earnestness of it all: a sudden feeling of weakness came over him; he clenched his hand on the back of his mother's chair.

"Ruination. It was an ugly word. He stammered out that it was a mistake, of course it must be a mistake—there was a way of putting things right—it was too absurd—too unthinkable."

"It's your father's optimism that has ruined us," his mother said, passionately. "His absurd optimism and his confidence in anyone who chooses to put hair-trained schemes before him. I warned you not to listen to that man, Lionel; you know I did—you know that I did, Phil—and now what is the consequence?"

FATAL OPTIMISM.

"What man? What are you talking about?" There was sharp irritation in Philip's voice; his nerves felt all on edge.

"Sinclair . . . I begged your father not to have anything to do with him. I distrusted the man from the first—you remember the day he came, Phil?"

"Yes, yes"—Philip remembered it well, remembered that he, too, had shared his mother's dislike of

ADVICE TO LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

UNDECIDED.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am going with a steady fellow next year. I dearly love him and he loves me. I have not had what you might call "the good times" that is, going out with a different fellow every night. I am very popular and have had many opportunities, but because I love this steady fellow I did not make many dates.

Now I feel as if I would love to go out with other fellows, too. So I have been making dates and going out with different fellows, still loving my steady fellow the most of all.

Do you think I am doing right? Please do not say that I don't love the steady fellow, because I do, but I just crave other amusements.

I am only eighteen and I think I should have my good times before I become settled, as you might call it.

Should I go with one fellow or have a good time and let the good fellow pass along, or should I keep going with the steady fellow?

Miss Fairfax, perhaps you would not meet a fellow as good as the one I have met, if I dropped him.

VERY UNDECIDED.

Your indecision shows that you are not really in love with the young man. You are only in love of love you can know at eighteen. With love, that's all the kind of course, go around with different boys and have a good time. When you are twenty-five you will probably have met some one who will make you forget all the rest of the men in the world, but until that time comes, marry no one.

Speaking of Us

Whenever the highbrows want to blow off steam—which is frequently—they start out by saying complimentary things about the middle class. But they don't call it the bourgeoisie.

Now, since the middle class includes most of us, it might be well to define it. On that point, we should say that the middle class consists of everybody except those persons who can pronounce "bourgeoisie" well enough to get away with it.

Here are some of the marks of identification by which you can tell a member of the middle class:

He doesn't wear spats.

He says afternoon—not "awf-fah-noon."

He doesn't regard suspenders as a disgrace.

He doesn't take much stock in monogrammed cigarettes.

He still drinks—if possible.

He never parts his hair in the middle nor his name on the side.

He doesn't think kids have as much fun now as when he was a boy.

He believes in colleges, but he has never been caught sitting up until 2 a. m. chatting with a college professor.

He does not play the harp.

He doesn't feel at home in a department store.

He has only a vague idea of the difference between chinchilla and kailinsky.

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The Washington Times Magazine Page

Title Contest Closes Tomorrow

All titles intended for competition in the Hundred Dollar Question Title Contest must be in the hands of the Title Editor by 6 o'clock tomorrow night.

Early Friday morning the several thousand titles will be turned over to the judges—Mrs. William Atherton DuPuy, president of the American Penwomen's League; George F. Bowerman, librarian at the Public Library; and Vivian St. John, Literary Editor of The Washington Times.

The man, woman or child who submits the title adjudged to be the best will receive \$100 as a reward.

Everybody is eligible to participate in this contest, except employees of The Washington Times and their families. There is no limit to the number of titles anyone may submit.

There is only one rule:

The winning title must consist of three words or less; it must be original and indicate the character of the story written by Winnie Davis Freeman, which appeared on this page in serial form for two months, ending last Thursday.

The winning title and the name of the winner will be published in the Sunday Morning Times, May 15.

If you read the story you are qualified to write an appropriate title. If you have not written a title do so today. If you have already written a title, send in as many more as you care to write.

Fresh From Paris



THE Spanish influence—introduced since the Paris openings—appears to advantage in an afternoon frock of black taffeta, tight of basque and bouffant of skirt. The model is sleeveless, but a wide pleated organdie ruffle, rising and falling from a narrow black velvet ribbon about the throat covers the upper arm. The length of this frock indicates that Paris has not lost her fondness for the short skirt.

MANY charming gowns are designed for the formal afternoon affair in Paris, and one of the smartest has been sketched as a suggestion to the American woman in doubt. For this model draped lines have been chosen, and the fabric—soft white foulard, figured with black medallions—lends itself well to sleeves that are mere extension of the loose surplice bodice. The indicated waist line is lower than normal. The skirt presents the new uneven edge, being shorter at the sides as a result of the hip treatment. A white satin hat with glycerined ostrich trimming contributes much to the success of this costume.

THE flat back, featured by Parisian couturiers in their newest tailcoats, is emphasized in a white serge gown (center) with its coat-skin applied at the low waist line. The high collar, cut in one with the coat, and the long slit sleeves are pleasing details, as are the pointed extensions over the hips. Rows of cloth-covered buttons trim the coat-skirt, and two are added at the top of each sleeve.

Alastrim is New Disease

"Given a disease which looks like smallpox, but does not umbilicate, which spreads like wildfire, yet has a mortality rate approaching zero, whose eruption comes out in a succession of crops, but which is not chickenpox, which is modified by vaccination, but whose unvaccinated convalescents may be vaccinated and which does not protect against smallpox, and you have some problem," says the New York Medical Journal.

"That epidemiological enigma is called by a variety of names—alastrim, Amas, West Indian modified smallpox, and pseudo smallpox, and is distributed in the Caribbean littoral, Brazil, the Mediterranean area, South Africa, Great Britain, and more recently in Canada. On the island of Jamaica alone several thousand cases have occurred since July, 1920.

From the viewpoint of public health the disease is smallpox, yet it does not seem to increase in virulence, to become hemorrhagic or to produce definite scarring. Economically it is a serious disease, because so many workers are placed in enforced idleness by it, yet few save feeble infants and pregnant women die."

A Thought for Today

No one is so accused by fate. No one is so utterly desolate. But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto his own. —Longfellow.

Eat Plenty of Spinach

Keep WELL AND HEALTHY.

ONE of the first vegetables in the garden or on the market in the early spring is that reliable standby—spinach. The shoots should be cut regularly; if not, the old shoots become tough and rank flavored.

Spinach furnishes little body energy, but it is exceptionally rich in iron and in one of the important vitamins, and so is a valuable food, any specialist in the United States Department of Agriculture. It contains little starch and only a suggestion of sugar, and is therefore one of the vegetables that physicians include in the bill of fare of many invalids who require a diet without these carbohydrates.

CLEAN SPINACH.

To clean the spinach cut off the roots, break the leaves apart and drop them into a large pan of water, rinse them well, and lift them into a second pan of water. Do not pour the water off over the spinach or the grit that has been washed off will get back on the leaves. Continue washing in clean water until there is not a trace of sand on the bottom of the pan. If the spinach is at all wilted, let it stand in cold water until it becomes fresh and crisp. Drain from this water and blanch as follows:

For half a peck of spinach put in a large saucepan three quarts of boiling water and one tablespoon of salt. Put the drained spinach in

SPINACH WITH CREAM.

1/2 peck spinach.
2 tablespoons butter or other fat.
1 tablespoon flour.
1 teaspoon salt.
1/2 teaspoon pepper.
1/2 pint cream or milk.
Blanch and mince the spinach. Put the butter or other fat in a saucepan and on the fire. When hot add the flour and stir until smooth and frothy, then add the minced spinach and the salt and pepper. Cook for five minutes, then add the milk or cream, hot, and cook three minutes longer. Serve blanched and minced.

SPINACH WITH EGGS.

1/2 peck spinach.
3 tablespoons butter or other fat.
1/2 teaspoon pepper.
2 eggs.
3 teaspoons salt.
Wash and blanch the spinach using two teaspoons of the salt in the water in which the vegetable is blanched. Drain the blanched spinach and chop rather fine, return it to the saucepan, and add the salt, pepper, and butter or other fat. Place on the fire and cook ten minutes. Heap in a mound on a hot dish and garnish with the hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices.

SPINACH COOKED WITHOUT WATER.

Fresh spinach when washed has enough water for cooking. Put the spinach into a covered saucepan and cook for ten minutes. Press down and turn the spinach over several times during the cooking. At the end of ten minutes turn the spinach into a chopping bowl, and mince rather fine. Return to the saucepan and add the seasoning, allowing for half a peck of spinach two generous tablespoons of butter or other fat and a teaspoon of salt. Simmer for ten minutes; or if very tender, five minutes will be sufficient.

Spinach cooked in this manner will retain all its salts and the flavor will be stronger than when blanched (boiled) in water. Young spinach is not so objectionable, but when the overgrown vegetable is cooked in its own moisture the flavor is strong and somewhat acid.

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them.

FIG LAYER CAKE.

2-3 cup of sugar, scant 1/2 cup butter
2 eggs, save out the white of one for frosting
2-3 cup of sweet milk
1 1/2 cups of flour
2 teaspoons of baking powder.

FILLING.

4 pounds of pears chopped fine.
3 pounds of sugar (brown or white)
Cook one-half hour, or more. Add one pound chopped figs, cook until thick.

I prepare this filling in the fall and put into fruit jars for use until the next fruit season. Enormous filling may be taken out, and the jar closed until you wish to fill another cake.

FROSTING.

One cup of sugar, 1 1/2 cups of warm water, boiled until it threads, then add beaten whites or two eggs, and beat until cool. Flavor with a few drops of mapleine.—Mrs. J. W. Ingram, 423 Newton place northwest.

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